

# ARLINGTON ENTERPRISE.

VOL. 3. NO. 21.

ARLINGTON, MASS., FEBRUARY 23, 1901.

TWO CENTS



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P. O. Building, Arlington, Mass.  
Repairing and Pressing neatly done.

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We are the only, only. Do not be deceived by these so-called alluring advertisements calculating to give wrong impressions. Please bear in mind that our facilities for catering to the public of Arlington and vicinity are of the best, and no one has any better. Of what interest is it to the customer whether the goods are delivered from chopped ice, fish cart or automobile. Our only aim is to serve the public with nothing but the best of all kinds of fish in their season.

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## Square Yourself, Old Man,

when you come home late any little domestic difficulty, by bringing a box of our delicious Caramels or a loaf of Hardy's Milk Bread. They never fail, and will be found irresistible at any time. Our choice Candies are sold at such low prices that every one can indulge their taste for sweets with economy.

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Peas	and	Fine
and Corn,	Apricots,	Butter,

At Pleasant Street Grocery and Provision Store.

## JAMES O. HOLT.

## OFFICERS INSTALLED.

The annual election and installation of officers of Charles V. Marsh Camp 45, S. of V., was held in Grand Army hall Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock. A goodly number was present, and a large delegation of brothers came from Medford, Malden and Woburn. Capt. W. A. Stevens opened the meeting and gave all a hearty welcome. The following officers were elected:

Capt. W. A. Stevens.  
1st Lieut. H. N. Cutter.  
2d Lieut. H. A. Marden.  
Camp Council, J. O. Holt, M. J. Bacon, F. P. Winn.

The installing officer was Past Col. George W. Knowlton of this camp, and his sergeant of the guard was Past Capt. H. A. Mayo, of Camp 80, Malden, who most satisfactorily filled this post of honor thus tendered him. Past Col. Knowlton installed the officers in a very pleasing and creditable manner.

Capt. Stevens did not name and install his staff, but it will be substantially in part as follows:

1st Sergt. A. B. Moulton, Jr.  
2d Sergt., B. A. Harris.  
Sergt. of the Guard, E. C. Jacobs.  
Chaplain, M. J. Bacon.

The color sergt., corporal of the guard, and inside and picket guards will be chosen at the next meeting and the staff will be duly installed.

After the installation Comrade J. L. Brockway of Post 36, West Medford, after having been escorted to a seat on the platform, was called upon to make remarks. His words of encouragement and the cheerful and kindly way in which he gave them, carried great weight, and new confidence and fresh determination was made by the members to make the camp a success. Comrade Brockway will always be kindly remembered by the brothers and a frequent visit from him is looked for. Capt. C. H. Oliver of Camp 54 also made a ringing speech. After this all went below to the banquet hall where a collation was served. The following visiting brothers were present: Comrade J. L. Brockway, Past Capt. Nathan Southers, West Medford; Capt. C. H. Oliver, 1st Lieut. C. S. Brewster, Camp 54, Medford; Past Captains Arthur H. Gould, C. E. Stickney, H. A. Mayo, Camp 80, Malden; Capt. Foss, Past Captains Rodrick Foss, and Eaton. A good time was had and the camp has a very prosperous outlook.

## ROBBINS LIBRARY.

### NEW BOOKS.

Allen, Grant. Hilda Wade.	1299.1
Bates, Arlo. Love in a cloud.	1743.7
Boston, Mass., Public library. Annual list of new and important books added. 1897-1900. 3 v.	R.L.
Brown, A. E. Faneuil hall and Faneuil hall market.	947.23
Connolly, A. P. Nineteenth century: containing 101 calendars, etc.	R.L.
Crockett, Sam'l R. Joan of the sword hand.	3118.18
Doyle, A. Conan. Study in scarlet. (Also) Case of identity.	3486.18
Dunlop, Robert. Daniel O'Connell and the revival of national life in Ireland.	7113.90
Earle, Mary T. Through old rose glasses, and other stories.	3604.31
Foulker, Wm. D. Maza; a story of Yucatan.	3986.11
Fox, W. F., author and ed. New York at Gettysburg. 3 v.	723.36
Glasgow, Ellen. Phases of an inferior planet.	4272.2
Hart, A. B., ed. National expansion. 1783-1845. (American history told by contemporaries.)	919.20
Hewlett, Maurice. Life and death of Richard Yea-Nay.	4901.3
Huxley, L. Life and letters of Thomas Henry Huxley. 2 v.	5293.90
Lloyd, John U. Stringtown on the pike. A tale of northern Kentucky.	6051.1
Marchmont, Arthur W. Dash for a throne.	6394.31
Müller, F. M., ed. Satapatha Brāhmana. (Also) Life of Buddha. (Sacred books of the East. v. 9.)	290.6
Myrick, H. American Agriculture and year book. 1901.	R.L.
Phillips, S. Herod: a tragedy. 1737/81.31	
Phillipps, Eden. Sons of the morning.	7381.2
Rhoscomyl, Owen. Lady of Castell March.	7852.1
Rosebery, A. P. P., lord. Napoleon: the last phase.	7017.914
Rostand, E. L'aiglon. Drame en six actes, en vers.	8024.32
Smith, Wm. H. Evolution of "Dodd." A pedagogical story.	85124.1
Steel, Flora A. Hosts of the Lord.	8693.5
Voices in the night.	8693.4
Stephens, H. M. and others. Counsel upon the reading of books.	028.12
Valdés, Armando P. Joy of Captain Ribot.	9301.3
Wendell, B. Literary history of America. 1901.	810.13
World almanac and encyclopedia. 1901.	R.L.
Feb. 23, 1901.	

## THEIR FIRST BALL.

The first annual dance of the A. O. H. Pipe and Drum corps was held in Town hall last Friday evening. It was a grand success. The hall had been tastefully trimmed with red, white and blue bunting, the stars and stripes being draped at various points about the hall. A large black background with the words "Welcome to the first grand social and dance of the Arlington Band," was placed over the platform, being draped on each side with the national colors. Large paintings were placed on the walls of Irish emblems and they gave a very pleasing effect. Streamers were draped from the center of the hall. The concert did not commence until nearly nine o'clock owing to unavoidable delays, so that it was 9.30 before the grand march was formed.

The following members were in charge of the floor:

Floor director, Daniel J. Finn.  
Assistant floor director, Thomas McCarthy.

Chief of aids, Michael Meaney.

Aids, Michael Mulcahy, Martin Cronan, John McCarthy, Michael McGonagle, James McKenna, Hughie Harvey, James Dolan, James Fooley, Michael Happenay, Thomas Walsh, William Healey, William Eagan, William Merrigan, Edward Morrison, Patrick Connors, John Moran, Patrick Hurley, Patrick Costin, John J. McCarthy, John McManus, Michael Healey, Charles Black.

March. The band is ready for the season, Hobbs  
Overture. Morning, noon and night  
Melody. R. Lehmann decorating Co.  
Concert waltz. Stars and stripes Sousa  
Finale. Union forever Waldtenfel

The following members had charge of the dance and to them is due in a measure the success of the same:

Ball committee, Daniel J. Finn, chairman; Thomas McCarthy, Patrick Costin, William Merrigan, Thomas Walsh, Michael Meaney, John J. McCarthy, James Dolan, Michael Mulcahy, Martin Cronan, Edward Morrison, John Moran.

Reception committee, William Merrigan, Thomas McCarthy, Thomas Walsh, James Dolan, Edward Morrison.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Loftus, Mr. and Mrs. P. Lansburg, Mr. and Mrs. T. Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. M. Mulcahy, Mr. and Mrs. P. Costin, Mr. and Mrs. P. Connors, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. W. Merrigan, Mr. and Mrs. T. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. J. Happenay, Mr. and Mrs. P. Cohen, Mrs. Mary Edwards, Mrs. Stephen Hicks, Mrs. Gertrude Wing, Mrs. J. Sexton, Misses Alice Reagan, Lizzie Collins, Helen Welch, Mamie Begley, Maggie Begley, M. Connors, Alice Dwyer, Mamie Welch, Lizzie Welch, May Hayes, Sadie Walker, Mamie McClemon, Kate Breen, Kate Welch, Maggie Campbell, Nellie Collins, Maggie Sullivan, Mary Kenney, Agnes Kenney, Emma Edgerly, Katie Brennan, Maggie Burns, Katie Spillane, Lena Spillane, Mary Kelley, Mary E. Malone, Mary Steward, Minnie Lehen, Lizzie Costin, Annie Kenney, Mary Cameron, Norah Roach, Norah, May and Bridget Sullivan, Mamie and Kittie Galvin, Mary, Maggie and Kittie Donovan, Annie and May Gibbons, Nellie and Mamie Canney, Lena, Nellie, Mary, Catherine and Elizabeth Mahoney, Mary Milliken, Annie, Mary and Nellie Munyan, Lizzie Connors, Margaret and Kate Carney, Katie, May and Mary Lyons, Mary Thomas, Annie Madden, Mary Stewart, Lottie McDougall, Mary and Bessie McDermott, Julia Driscoll, Julia Welch, Mary McMahon, Marga et Sullivan, Annie Murphy, Sadie McDougall, Hannah Barry, M. Roach, Katie Rooney, Nellie Hayes, Norah Welch, Mary Kelley, Julia and Mary Meaney, Agnes and Katie A. Hayes, Ella Siney, Norah Murray, Delia Finn, Agnes O'Leary, Maggie Hayes, Margaret Cronin, Bridget Forrest, Rose McQuaid, Nellie and Elizabeth O'Brien, Julia and Norah Welch, Julia Coughlin, Mary Foley, Messrs. Dennis Hurley, Eddie Welch, Joseph O'Donnell, James Welch, Richard Buckley, E. Cullin ne, Wm. Canty, M. Fahey, John Coyne, Jere Ryan, James Doolan, Michael Roach, John Preston, Jere Barry, Tim Hurley, Martin Cronan, D. W. Grannan, William Grannan, T. J. Greene, Daniel Cleary, Tom Lewis, M. Horrigan, John Scannell, Richard Kelley, Dennis O'Keefe, Ted Alber, Martin Hines, John Lane, D. Sweeney, John O'Donnell, M. Callahan, M. Murphy, John Dooley, L. H. Sullivan, Dennis O'Brien, James O'Neal, Timothy Hanlon, Jas. Coughlin, David Fitzsimmons, John Fitzpatrick, Con Denehy, Daniel O'Neil, James O'Brien Mayor John C. Driscoll, Con Crowley, John D. and C. Cadogan, Jere Cullinane, Thos. McGuinness, John B. Sweeney, Timothy Finn, David Roach, Peter McCullar, Edmund Welch Edmund Dee, Thos. Sullivan, Frank Ford, John Ryan, Thomas McDermott, T. McCarthy, John H. Gibbons, John P. Quinn, Joseph Ahern, Con Donovan, Maurice Roach, P. T. Hendricks, John Pickett, James Munroe, Jerry Toohy, William Ryan, Patrick Connors, Phil Kenney, John Alber, John Ryan, Frank Sheehy, Jas. O'Donnell, Thos. Beevens, John Shea, Jerry Welch, Timothy Crowe, John Carey, P. McCarthy, M. Mulcahy, Timothy Carney, Jas. Mahoney, Lawrence Hauley, Michael Noonan, Patrick Gunning, James McKenna, Daniel F. Ahern.

The club went to Charlestown Thursday evening to roll off a game with the 99th artillery. It was evident the battery thought they could make themselves even with the home club by defeating them, and thus squaring for their defeat of a week ago. But they sized up the men decidedly wrong, for the club was bound to bring home the honors, which they did. Over 2600 was rolled by both teams. The club rolled 12 clean frames, while the battery rolled 8. The bounces in the first string were doubles by Orne and Harding 2. In the second game Marston, Homer, Puffer and Harding doubled, while in the 10th box Puffer and Saunders paired, Phinney, Saunderson and Orne tripled. In the last game Homer had a triple, while Dodge, Whittemore, Phinney, Saunders and Harding paired. All but two men touched 400 for the three strings. The score was as follows:

Arlington				
Dodge	169	179	179	527
Marston	159	186	184	529
Puffer	162	179	136	477
Homer	170	189	201	560
Whittemore	176	190	160	526
Totals	836	923	869	2628
99th				
Ashworth	159	156	137	452
Phinney	181	205	185	571
Saunders	169	202	168	539
Orne	196	171	179	546
Harding	189	180	156	525
Totals	894	912	845	2651

## HENRY A. BELLAMY,

## Contractor

AND  
**Builder,**

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728 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE,  
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LOST.  
Strayed or stolen, Dec. 15, a full-grown Tiger Cat, with tiny slit in each ear. When lost, had gold-plated chain tied with pink ribbon around his neck. Reward for his return to Roy G. Tyler, 125 Myrtle street, opp. Fowle's mill.

## RACING ON SPY POND.

The horsemen of Arlington have laid out a straightway course of Spy pond, and it has proved an ideal racing ground.

During the week the horsemen have had lots of fun. Mr. Walter B. Farmer's well-known pacer, Journeyman, 2:10, with Trainer T. Leary holding the lines, won several hot brushes, and the Prodigal horse is getting better every day.

Chester Peck, with the little whirlwind, Young Clon, 2:13, can step fast, and Chester generally rides in front.

E. J. McGrath, with Mary M., are a hard pair to beat, as the big Salvini mare can go a streak, either trotting or pacing.

H. A. Phinney has a good ice horse in Gray Eagle, 2:20, and can give them an argument from start to finish.

Vernon Steele comes over from West Medford with C. E. H., 2:29, and generally rides with the leaders.

Mr. Bigelow's trotter, China Boy, 2:22, is a fast and handsome trotter, and can brush with the best.

M. A. Pero, comes from East Lexington with Tower Boy, and has lots of fun.

Dr. Alderman rides behind the fast mare, Walnut Girl, 2:30.

Mr. Byron of West Medford has Lady Briggs, 2:30, while John Lyons has Lotta, 2:29, and she can go well on the ice.

Geo. A. Law, with Hodgdon Boy, 2:15, T. Canniff, with Molly W., 2:26, and Mark Sullivan, with Miss Curry, 2:21, had a few brushes, with the honors about even.

A running race between H. A. Phinney's Monte, ridden by R. D. Walkinshaw, and Wood Bros.' Flash, with Harry Wood in the saddle, was won by Monte.

A. D. Hoitt was out with his handsome team, W. W. Rawson with a good-looking colt, M. Rowe, N. J. Hardy, Geo. H. Lowe, Geo. Clark and other well-known horsemen too numerous to mention, enjoyed the fun behind their trotters.

## ARLINGTON BOAT CLUB

Teams 3 and 9 played on Friday evening last, with the following result:

Team 3.				
Durgin	167	175	162	504
Homer	140	140	140	420
Hartwell	153	155	175	483
Huntton	125	115	122	362
Cobb	148	129	129	406
Totals	733	714	728	2175
Team 9.				
Rankin	150	150	150	450
Wheeler	140	140	140	420
Bird	130	130	130	390
Yerrington	151	170	140	461
Jones	110	132	114	356
Totals	681	722	674	2077

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(Pills At Longan Vitam.)

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## School of Music,

3rd SEASON.

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## Quick Lunch.

Confectionery,

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Arlington Heights.



**ARLINGTON ENTERPRISE**  
Published every Saturday morning at No. 620  
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**F. H. GRAY, PUBLISHER.**  
**WILSON PALMER, EDITOR.**

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1 wk. 2 wks. 1 mo. 3 mos. 6 mos. 1 yr.  
1 inch, 75c. \$1.00 \$1.50 \$2.50 \$4.00 \$6.00  
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10 cents per line.  
Help and situation wants, for sale, to let,  
etc., 12 1/2 cents per line; nothing taken less  
than two lines.

**THE LENTEN SEASON.**

The Lenten season which is now upon us is not only a fitting time for sackcloth and ashes for the innumerable sins committed against the soul, but for the manifold sins committed against the body. It is well that there comes during each year a brief while in which the stomach can have a rest. We do not altogether sympathize with that man who is forever thinking of what he is going to have for dinner. Many, if not a majority, of our American people eat not only three times a day, but they stuff themselves between meals.

Just for a moment consider that army of dyspeptics who are born and bred of late suppers in our cities! The truth is, we as a people have no sort of regard for the healthful condition of the stomach. We use it as we use a beast of burden, in carrying a variety of baggage and dead matter. We do not eat to live, but live to eat. It is what we are going to have for breakfast, for dinner and for supper? And then we men folks often storm and rage if the meal is not ready at the appointed moment. In such an inordinate haste are the most of us to get at the eatables that we hardly find time to say grace in a becoming manner. We not only eat too much, but we eat too hurriedly. We'll venture that the average man takes no more than ten or fifteen minutes for each meal; he literally shovels in his food and then bolts it down.

No wonder that we are a dyspeptic people, who too frequently go hopping about with a gaseous stomach and an intermittent heart. Professional life is crammed full and running over with dyspeptics. Many a man in the pulpit has received his "call" to preach only through an excess of bile. We have often taken "the blue devils" for pety, and thought we were winning heaven, when in fact we were only suffering the tortures of the lost through an outraged stomach.

So it is well that we literally fast during the Lenten season. It is a downright shame, as well as the most unmitigated wickedness, that we so abuse these bodies of ours, while we are vociferously calling upon the Lord to save our souls, just as though the Lord would save the soul of any man who practically forgets that he has a body to save. We have said over and over again in these columns that we think little of defrauding the body—seldom or never do we give it a clean bill of rights. We seem to think that the more we persecute and deny it its legitimate rights the more do we glorify the creator through what we term soul worship. We need to invert our methods in religious worship, and so first of all pay due attention to this house in which we live. It is true, almost without exception, that the generous, responsive soul is only to be found in the generous, responsive body. During these forty days of fasting and prayer we should see to it that these bodies of ours so thoroughly repent of their sins that their repentance shall be equivalent to a new birth out and out. There is nothing we more admire than the healthful body of a vigorous man, who under the enthusiasm and inspiration of such a body can but offer up a worship which shall be clean, pure and acceptable to that God who so exquisitely formed these bodies.

**THE MINOR NOTES.**

The minor notes are those which tend to life its sweetest harmony. It isn't possible for one to maintain the highest key of the scale for any indefinite length of time. We need to come down to earth and live among its realities. We must meet on our way all sorts and conditions of life. We must be able to catch the refrain from the songs of the field and the workshop. We all cannot ride in royal equipages—the most of us must go on foot and make our way the best we can. It is the common, average life with which we have to do. The difficulty is that the majority of men and women want to sing only the upper parts. But all nature in her grand orchestra brings out her sweetest melodies in the low, soft undertones of the murmuring brook and in the sighing of the pine.

Why not adapt ourselves to our surroundings, and so make the best of God's wonderful prodigality to his intelligent creation? It was only the other morning that we passed by the humble, home-like cottage of a poor man here in Arlington, and as we were passing we delayed for a moment that we might catch the softened notes that came from within that modest, unpretending home—the children playing about the door joining in that chorus of sweet voices which evidently were welling up from happy hearts. Don't longer tell us that happiness necessarily sits enthroned in palaces, for she is to be found more frequently in the dwellings of the humble and about the firesides of the poor. The

music that touches the heart most of all is the lullaby that cradles the infant in its dreams. Whittier understood how it was, for almost invariably did he sing, as few others could, in that undertone of melody which gives such a charm to all his verse. It is the deep and apparently still waters that go on with irresistible power. The on-moving current is there, but it is in the depths below, not seen, but nevertheless felt, in the homeward flow of the waters to the all-embracing ocean. The song of the morning stars was but the soft, low prelude to that stupendous creation that God was and is to perfect in his own good time.

Why wouldn't it be well for us Arlington men and women to catch the myriad voices of nature, and so attune their voices to that divine music which comes in the "still, small voice"? Why so continually aspire to the upper part when the real melodies of life are found all around and about us in the ordinary walks of life? Why go to the opera and the fashionable concert when the real heart-music of the world is to be heard only in the home? Why is it that we let slip from the ten thousand harmonies of domestic life so much of joy and love which can only find expression in immortal verse? Arlington, as well as every other locality, has a lesson to learn in that divine economy, the teaching of which gives emphasis to the joy and rich contentment that come from the minor notes of life.

**WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.**

Washington's birthday has long been our date of reckoning in American history, and it will always remain a focal date. There has been so much said of George Washington, and it has been so frequently repeated, that little can now be written of the father of his country that is new. It is the old story, and yet the story cannot be too frequently told. To us Washington was the greater in his definition of what he conceived to be right and just. Practically, he had but little regard for what is merely considered politic. He was in no sense of the word a time-server. He was ever ready to execute a duty the moment he saw it was a duty. Possible results did not swerve him from the main question. No man could stand in his way when he once set to work in dead earnest. The American revolution was his because his faith was rooted and centered in a free government. His pre eminent success in life was born of the man himself. It would have been one of the most illogical things in the world for Washington to have failed in his work. Any man, whoever he may be, thoroughly in earnest and right, is bound to come top. What we term "greatness" consists largely in doing the right thing at the right time. Washington seldom or never "missed fire." He shot straight for the mark, hitting in almost every instance the center of the bull's eye. Forgetful of self, he was ever mindful of the public interest. Equally great in public and private life, he was a man at all times.

The 22d of February has become the heritage of the American people. On that day do we as a people renew our vows of loyalty and love to that government born of the American revolution, of which Washington was the inspired and anointed leader.

**A MISTAKEN NOTION.**

That is a mistaken notion which accounts it right that the world may become rid of whatever is evil by any and all methods. The validity of all law must be regarded as such until the law is shown to be unconstitutional by the proper authorities. The moment we step outside of legal enactments then all is confusion and chaos. Kansas is now having demonstrated the truth we have in mind. However much of an evil the liquor nuisance is, and we admit that it is a serious evil, still to do away with the nuisance we must conform to law, and if not willingly then we must be made to do so. Mrs. Nation, however excellent her motive, has put herself beyond the pale of the law through her reckless way of doing things. Presumably, Kansas is selling intoxicating liquors according to the requirements of the law, but even if she is selling contrary to law, Mrs. Nation and her followers can have neither the legal nor moral right to destroy property that they may effect their object. It is not surprising that Mrs. Nation has at last found her home in jail, there to await trial at the next term of court in Topeka, Kansas. There is a decent and law-abiding way of doing things, and there is a lawless and outrageous way of doing the same things. We have mighty little faith in the workings of the mob. Prayer meetings and hatchets make an ineffective combine.

**AT THE BAPTIST CHURCH.**

We worshipped on Sunday morning in Grand Army hall with our Baptist brethren. At the Baptist church one is always sure to receive a cordial welcome and a convenient sitting, with a hymn-book and a copy of the scriptures within hand's reach. The opening services were conducted by the pastor, the Rev. Dr. Watson, while the sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Stevens of Yale college upon "The naturalness of faith." The sermon, which was especially interesting and instructive, showed the logical connection between the inner demand of man's higher religious nature and the infinite supply.

There is a pleasant social element pervading the worship of our Baptist friends. They all find time for a good morning" and a handshake, as well as for an "amen." We caught a glimpse in pictured form of the new Baptist church building, as it is to be—a model of convenience and of modern architecture. The Baptist church and society is made up of a live, earnest people and a live minister, so that with these two essential factors in church work there is bound to be a forward and rapidly advanced movement all along the line.

It speaks well for Arlington that she retains for an indefinite series of years her public officials in the service of the town. It is always a wise economy to hold on with a tenacious grasp to a good servant. A frequent change in official rule is always more or less disastrous to the public interest. The love of office has not turned the heads of our Arlington people. We are more than willing to let well enough alone. We have competent and efficient town officials, so there is no reason why a change should be made.

At the caucus on Saturday evening it was made very evident that Arlington is satisfied with her present reign—that most responsible official position of all, the town clerk's office, which is positive proof, under its present management, that the town knows its business in keeping for so many years Mr. Locke at the head of that department. Mr. Locke is familiar with every interest of Arlington, and he is both competent and reliable. No one doubts that every penny of the town's expenditure is and will be accounted for under his watchful care. And then our schools, under the supervision of our present school board, are in satisfactory condition. It is all-important that our school board should be of the right make up. Its members should and must pull together if the schools are to be continued in good running order. So, if the school board is all right, then continue its present membership. Our board of selectmen look well after the interests of the town, and so on through the whole list of town officials a good word may be said.

**AN INTENSE EARNESTNESS.**

An intense earnestness invariably shows itself in almost entire forgetfulness of self. To lose your life in the life of another is the crowning act of a heroism that puts itself 'way in the foreground. A full surrender of the individual to the object in view is the first essential for success. A half-hearted work amounts to little or nothing. Defeat never comes to that man who gives himself. It is the withholding of ourselves that brings about minus results. Every successful business and professional man in Arlington or elsewhere is an illustration of the thought we have in mind. An intense earnestness must always count on the plus side.

**NO, NO.**

We don't for a moment believe the story that is now going the rounds of the press that "An English woman's love letters" were written by a man. We have read the book from beginning to end with a good deal of interest, so we are fully persuaded that no other than a woman deep in the toils of love could have put together adjectives in so sweet and taking a way. No man could have loved as this English woman did and then tell of it in such an abandon of ecstatic delight. No one but a woman could have written those love letters, they are written in so charming a way.

**IN MEMORIAM.**

That was an interesting and instructive sermon on the life and reign of Queen Victoria, preached by the Rev. James Yeames on Sunday evening, Feb. 10, in St. John's Episcopal church, and which was published in full in last week's Enterprise. The Rev. Mr. Yeames is familiar with English history—the history of his early home. His sermon was an affectionate and glowing tribute to a woman who had reigned for so long a time, and whose rule was so distinguished the world over for the love she had for her subjects. It is noble and praiseworthy of the Rev. Mr. Yeames that his love and loyalty for his native land is in nowise lessened though his loyalty to and admiration of our free American republic. But read the sermon if you have not already done so.

The finding of the little Monahan boy in an ash barrel frozen to death is a sad thing indeed.

Edwin H. Knight was acquitted last Saturday afternoon on the first jury ballot. He was justly acquitted.

Lent is once again with us, but will it be observed with anywhere near as large a degree of fasting and fervent prayer as that displayed by the Master?

At last, after three years, the Maine is to be raised from the bottom of the harbor at Havana. May she found in a condition such as will warrant her being put in proper condition for service.

Carnegie has been quoted as saying: "It is a disgrace to die rich." What a magnificent chance he has to distribute his wealth, not only to libraries but to many needy poor families. Come, Mr. Carnegie, hurry up, you are liable to go off suddenly.

Mrs. Nation might come to Arlington and try the "smashing" business, and she wouldn't have far to go to make a start. No license in Arlington does not prohibit, but it does protect a few to carry on the nefarious traffic in an open yet under-handed way. This ought to furnish an immense amount of food for our temperance friends now that election is near at hand.

Russia's quick retaliation in putting a duty of 50 per cent on iron and steel of American manufacture made Secretary Gage and the steel trust gasp for breath, in fact the latter is paralyzed, as it will be a loss of nearly \$20,000,000. The sugar trust, who is directly to blame for it, will also receive a mighty "knock-out" blow when the supreme court hands down its decision. The only way to deal with these gigantic, merciless thieves is to choke them quickly.

# PRINTING Enterprise OFFICE.

**The Gentle Art of Letter Writing.**

The classic age of letter writing, like that of chivalry, is gone, although no Burke has been found yet to utter its splendid funeral oration. Correspondence on business, hurried notes containing invitations to dinner or acceptances thereof—these are the missives which fill the bag of the letter carrier. The love letter, we presume, still holds its sway, and, if we are to judge from the revelations of breach of promise cases, it is full of sugary sentimentalism as in the days of Lydia Languish. But the letter as it has passed into literature, the letter whose highest claim to be treated as art is that it conceals art, the letter as written by William Cowper, or Oliver Goldsmith, or Horace Walpole, or Miss Burney—that charming epistle intended only for the affectionate perusal of friends and yet of such value to the historian of life and manners—shall we say that it has disappeared from the busy modern world, killed by the "railway and the steamship and the thoughts that shake mankind"? As least, it is now but a rare product, a fragile flower scarcely able to maintain itself in our altered social soil.

Correspondence from being a cherished art and solace has in our day tended to become what is called in slang a "grind." It is "slippery," like the cheap newspapers, a sort of "bits" or "cuts," giving hints which require to be filled out, only that the receiver has hardly time for that mental process. Truth to tell, a great deal of our letter writing is boredom, the source of irritation and weariness to those who are called on to undertake it.—London Spectator.

**From Fingers to Forks.**

In olden times fingers served well enough to convey food to the mouth, and a divided gourd was an acceptable drinking vessel, but when fashionable aspirations seized our ancestors they scorned these implements of nature, and even the Pacific Islanders pulled their hair, of which they had a generous abundance, in their anxiety to devise more seemly methods. They finally manufactured forks that looked like skewers, and out of the bamboo they manufactured knives. The Indians, proverbially slow in adopting modern ways, still eat without knives or forks, although they have permitted the use of spoons. These were first made of shells and the rinds of gourds. Later handles were inserted, and, having passed numerous stages, knives, forks and spoons have reached the present elaborately ornamented kinds now in general use.

The cup is probably the most ancient of all domestic utensils. Its earliest form was simply the half closed hand or the folded leaf. Then followed cups made of sea shells or rinds of fruit cut in halves. Later appeared cups of metal, lacquer and china. For centuries the cup has been made the expression of art and luxury, and the most precious metals, combined with the artisan's most consummate skill, are now commonly employed in their manufacture.—Baltimore Sun.

**The Number 4.**

There are four cardinal points, four winds, four quarters of the moon, four seasons, four figures in the quadrille, four rules of arithmetic, four suits of cards, four quarters to the hour, four legs for furniture, most animals go on four legs, the dead are placed between four planks, the prisoners between four walls. We have four incisor and four canine teeth, and our forks have four prongs; all animals, when butchered, are cut into four quarters; the violin, greatest of all string instruments, has but four strings; four of a kind is a pretty good hand at poker even if they are only fours.—Exchange.

**WANTED,**

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All orders left with F. R. Daniels will be promptly attended to.

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Residence: 105 Franklin street.

**Meeting of Registrars of Voters.**

The Registrars of Voters will meet in session in their room, in the Town House, for the purpose of registering voters, Friday, February 15, 1901, from 7:30 o'clock to 9 o'clock p. m.; on Saturday, February 23, 1901, from 12 o'clock to 10 p. m.; also at Union Hall, Arlington Heights, on Wednesday, February 20, 1901, from 7:30 o'clock to 9 o'clock p. m. Registration will cease Saturday, February 23, 1901, at 10 o'clock p. m., and after the close of registration no name will be entered on the list of voters except as provided by statute.

WILLIAM H. PATTEE, Registrars of  
JOHN W. BAILEY, Voters.  
WM. A. FITZPATRICK,  
B. BELMONT LOCKE.

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All the leading styles in coats, suits, cuffs, ties, pins, etc.

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## ARLINGTON NEWS.

The regular social meeting of the local Women's Christian Temperance union will be held at the residence of Mr. R. H. Hardy, Lake street, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 26, at 7.30 o'clock. All are cordially invited.

We dropped in on W. T. Wood & Co. the other day, when we found every body busy taking account of stock, and we well knew from the cheery good morning given us, and the smiling faces on all sides, that this well-known firm was coming out 'way ahead in its count.

The Rev. S. C. Bushnell has spent several days during the present week in New Haven.

We learn on all sides that the new Cutter school building is something ahead in architectural design and convenience of the other school buildings in Arlington. The teachers are especially pleased with that two thousand dollar hall, and are heartily thanking Mr. Freeman for it.

The Golf club held a very successful social dance in Town hall Thursday evening, a dressy and happy party assembling to join in the dancing. The matrons were Mrs. Henry Hornblower, Mrs. H. A. Phinney, Mrs. E. P. Stickney.

The old Peck boat house is no more. For a week past Mr. Duncan, the florist, has been tearing it down. It looks odd to see this landmark gone.

We called at Mr. Edmund Reardon's hot houses last week and found him busy picking violets for the market. Mr. Reardon has the finest houses of violets we ever saw, and they demand a ready sale at high prices. He ships from one to three thousand each day to Boston.

Mrs. E. J. Tay of 207 Summer street was pleasantly surprised on Thursday evening of last week by a few of her many friends, who left articles of crystal and silver as tokens of their regard for her on the occasion of the 35th anniversary of her marriage.

The Kindergarten school on Maple street had appropriate exercises on Thursday in memory of George Washington.

Harold Wood of the School of technology, with some five or six of his classmates, has been sent out to test the electrical power of some of the car companies in near neighborhood to Boston.

We met the other morning Mr. W. F. Vernier of New Jersey, for 30 years superintendent of the Knickerbocker Ice Company. Mr. Vernier is now the leading agent of Messrs. W. T. Wood & Co. What he doesn't know about ice and ice tools isn't worth knowing.

The story of George Washington was told in all our schools on Thursday. In our admiration for the immortal George, we all go on insisting that he never told a lie.

Mr. Albert Orcutt, first tenor of the "Old Homestead" quartet, will sing at the morning service of the Universalist church tomorrow. In the evening, at the young people's service, Miss Kittie Magoon of Cambridge will give an address upon "The possibilities and ideals of young people."

The writer of the communication sent to the Enterprise for publication concerning Sunday horse-racing in Arlington should have sent his full name as a warranty of good faith in order to have had his complaint considered.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Bullard, with a party of friends from Cambridge, Charlestown and Washington, D. C., are at their summer home at Kinderheim for a few days among the Sandwick mountains. They went well blanketed and provisioned for a week, and well-saddled with snow shoes.

A more beautiful day for Washington's birthday could not be asked for, and our streets fully evinced this by the large number of people out.

Supt. Sutcliffe celebrated his first holiday by taking his family to the theatre yesterday. It was the first he has had to himself since taking charge of the school.

The stores closed their doors yesterday and all hands had a half holiday. They enjoyed it too.

Mrs. Sarah W. Whitman of Boston addressed the Women's club last Wednesday afternoon on "Household art," in G. A. R. hall. There was a large attendance and the subject was a very interesting one.

Next Monday evening the selectmen will hold a public hearing in Town hall on the petition of the Lexington & Boston Electric road for a double track to the new tracks of the Boston Elevated for their present terminus.

Next week the Unitarian people are to hold an oriental bazaar in the vestry of the church, Feb. 27 and 28.

Prof. George B. Stevens, D. D. of the Yale Divinity school, had charge of the services at the Baptist church last Sunday morning in G. A. R. hall.

Monday afternoon the annual election of officers for the Police Relief association was held in Chief Harriman's privy and resulted as follows:

President and treasurer, A. S. Harriman. Vice-president, J. E. Whitten. Secretary, C. H. Woods. Sick committee, G. J. Cody, Andrew Irwin, C. H. Woods, John Duffy, Fred Smith.

W. E. Wood and W. B. Wood, of the firm of W. T. Wood & Co., with representative ice men from New Hampshire, Maine and Vermont, have returned from the Pocono ice district in Pennsylvania, where they surveyed with a good deal of interest those large fields of ice of 12 and 14 inches in thickness, for which that district is distinguished. The jolly party of which we write combined pleasure with business. Many a good story was told while large contracts for ice tools were being effected. WE and W. B. are always in their best humor with the glass well down to zero.

A ladies' night will be held by the Unitarian club March 8.

The annual anniversary of the Building Fund was held in G. A. R. hall Thursday afternoon and evening. An unusually large number assembled to participate in the festivities. The usual game of whist was indulged in. Tropical plants were to be seen in profusion on the platform. At supper time all were seated at a beautiful and bountiful spread table which Caterer Hardy had prepared. Mrs. Farmer was the recipient of beautiful cut glass pieces. Mrs. Farmer was voted unanimous and heartfelt thanks for her efforts in their behalf.

On Saturday of last week Mrs. E. Nelson Blake's father, Mr. Joseph W. Whittier, died at his home in Wolfboro, N. H., at the age of nearly 93 years. The funeral services of the deceased were held on Wednesday afternoon at his late home, and public services were conducted by the Masons at the church. The Rev. Dr. Watson conducted the services at the house, and assisted in the services in the church. Mr. Whittier was a resident of Arlington from 1847 to 1863, when he moved to Boston, where he made his home until he took up his residence in Wolfboro. He was for many years a successful business man in Charlestown. In spite of his age, Mr. Whittier retained in a remarkable way the full vigor of his intellectual powers. He was thoroughly posted upon all the current events of the day. He was an interested and accurate reader of all that concerned the public interest. Many of our town's people will pleasantly remember him.

The second whist party and dance of Arlington council, 109, K. of C., was held in their hall Monday evening. A large company assembled, larger in fact than was looked for. The hall was nearly filled with tables, and a more enjoyable and happy company has seldom if ever gathered in this handsome hall. Many high scores were made, and the prize winners were as follows: Mr. Matthew Rowe, first gentlemen's prize; Mr. D. J. Collins, second; Miss Annie Robinson, first ladies' prize; Mrs. J. J. Robinson second. After the prizes had been awarded by Grand Knight James J. Mahoney, he turned the floor over to Mr. Peter F. O'Neil, who had charge of the dancing for the evening, and this was enjoyed equally as well as the card playing. In fact the whole affair was a grand success from start to finish. Among the number present were noticed: Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Kelley, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Collins, Miss Annie Robinson, Mary Canty, Theresa O'Neil, Lottie Sullivan, Lena Riley, Edith Rowe, Alice Sullivan, Mary and Agnes O'Neil, Messrs. J. J. Mahoney; W. H. Nolan, J. M. Dacey, J. J. Ahern, Peter F. O'Neil, A. C. LeBregue, P. B. Corrigan, D. Purcell, Henry Welch, J. Corrigan, J. P. McCarthy, E. J. Purcell, J. E. Tracey, D. W. O'Brien, J. J. Lane, T. O'Brien.

The annual town caucus was held in Town hall last Saturday evening, when the following nominations were made:

Selectman, Edwin S. Farmer. Assessor, Omar W. Whittemore. Town clerk, treasurer and collector, B. Belmont Locke. School committee, Dr. Andrew F. Reed, Mrs. Anna B. Dodge, Walter A. Robinson. Water commissioner, Geo. W. Lane. Sewer commissioner, Edward S. Pesenden. Board of health, Edward S. Pesenden. Trustee of sinking fund, Alfred D. Hoitt. Trustee of Pratt fund, Henry Hornblower. Trustees of Robbins library, James P. Parmenter, Walter B. Farmer. Trustee of consolidated Robbins library, soldiers' monument and cemetery fund, George G. Allen. Park commissioner, Wm. A. Muller. Auditors, Alfred T. Marston, James P. Mann. Constables, Alonzo S. Harriman, John Duffy, Garritt Barry, Daniel Hooley, Garritt J. Cody. Moderator of town meeting, Walter A. Robinson.

Poor man, he broke down completely. It began this way: His feet seemed heavy, his liver sluggish, his digestion poor, his cheerfulness gone, his brain slow to grasp facts, his eye dim to see an opportunity. Then came neglect of business through lack of energy, and finally failure. He had never heard of "Longavita," a priceless preparation, that brings roses to the cheeks, rounds out hollow faces, makes the step elastic, the disposition cheerful, and renews the vigors of youth. "Longavita" has been called the fountain of youth. It is a vegetable medicine that came from the brains of Germany's leading scientific physicians, absolutely harmless, and a benefit to both old and young. Read our "Longavita" ad. in another column.

### ST. JOHN'S CHURCH NOTES.

Sunday, Feb. 24, first Sunday in Lent. The rector will preach at both services tomorrow. Morning at 10.30, evening at 7.30.

The Rev. Edward A. Rand of Watertown will preach on Wednesday evening. Service at a quarter to 8.

On each Sunday in Lent there will be a celebration of the holy communion at St. John's church, at 7.30 a. m.

The Rev. James Yeames conducted "A quiet morning for women" at Grace church, Newton, yesterday. He gave addresses on "Three phases of christian living."

Len en service for children and young people on Wednesday afternoons, at 4, in St. John's church. The rector is giving this year a course of addresses on "The church and its furniture."

Wednesday's topic is "The font, or baptism."

On Friday next "A quiet morning for women" will be held at St. John's church. The service will begin at 9, and continue, with intervals for prayer and meditation, until noon, when the holy communion will be administered. The Rev. Dr. Shinn of Grace church, Newton, will give three addresses on "The sanctification of common life." All women are respectfully invited, and will be cordially welcomed.

The Bible class for women opened with a large attendance in the Parish house on Thursday afternoon. The class is conducted by Mrs. Alison Cleveland Haddon of Cambridge, a lady of long and successful experience in this special work. The subject of study is the first epistle of Peter. A very cordial invitation is given to all ladies to attend the class, which will meet, until Easter, on Thursday afternoons at half-past 3 o'clock.

The Ash Wednesday services at St. John's were remarkably well attended. A large congregation was present in the morning, when the litany and penitential office were said in the morning prayer, and the Rev. Jas. Yeames gave an address on "Making the best use of Lent." A good congregation assembled in the evening, when the rector preached upon "A pattern of penitence," as shown in the "Miserere," the 51st psalm. The afternoon service, was especially for children.

### RESPIRE.

A little while, dear God, a few brief days, I pray thee, let me keep this love of mine Just in my inmost heart, safe from the world! Too dear, too deep, it lies for earthly gaze. A few brief days!

A little while, oh, grant the boon I ask, For none can ever know how truest divine, How life's environments have bound my soul, Dear God! Oh, say I need not wear my mask A few brief days!

A little while, oh, hold a little while, To have and hold the love I've prayed so long! Though dark the way and drear my heart may be, For evermore my life will hold love's shrine, Though love but lingers here! A few brief days!

—Rose VanB. Speece in Scranton Tribune.

## "LA DAME A LA CLEF."

By Walter Littlefield.

There were three of us one evening in the reading room of the Press club—"Max Blouet, better known as "M. O'Rell" through his sketches of French and English life and character; M. Charles P. Lebon, instructor of French, who, by the way, is a litterateur of some little note, and myself. The conversation, after various fluctuations, had assumed a story telling drift. M. Blouet had just related an amusing anecdote of his Boston sojourn, and we were silently puffing in that agreeable languor that arises from a good weed and a good story.

On drawing his cardcase from his pocket M. Lebon brought forth a small bright object that glistened a second in the lamplight as it fell to the floor. He stooped for it with rather undue haste; with so much haste, in fact, that he called our attention to a movement that otherwise would have passed unnoticed.

"What is it?" inquired M. Blouet. Without a word Lebon handed him the object he had dropped, but eyed him carefully as it was examined.

"A key," remarked M. Blouet; "a key and evidently of gold." And he passed it to me.

I held in my hand a key of perhaps an inch in length and half as wide. There was nothing particularly remarkable about it unless it were the material of which it was composed, that appeared to be gold. Suddenly my eye caught sight of a date and an inscription upon the ring of the key—"1er Juin, 1848. Memento mori!"

"A curious key," I suggested as I returned it to M. Lebon. "Tell us about it."

The one addressed puffed assiduously for a moment or two as he twirled the mysterious key between his forefinger and thumb, but he made no reply.

"Come, come," said M. Blouet as he leaned forward with interest, "there must be something to tell about a key like that. Why not let us have it?"

"You are right, gentlemen. There is a curious story concerning this key, and since you desire it I will tell it to you, for truly, gentlemen, without exaggeration, this little bit of metal that I hold in my hand has one of the most remarkable of histories."

"Tell it! Tell it!" we both exclaimed in a breath.

Fresh cigarettes were lighted, and, still holding the key in his hand as it to bear witness to what he said, M. Lebon began his story.

"It was in 1871, just after the surrender of Paris. The second empire had fallen. M. Thiers and his party held the government. Evidences of the terrible commune were on every hand, still the city was beginning to look like the habitation of a civilized people. One morning Le Journal des Debats announced the death at Versailles of a Russian lady who for more than 20 years had kept all the gossips of the Paris salons busy concerning a mystery that seemed to surround her. For reasons that I shall presently explain she became known as 'La Dame a la Clef.' Now, a nickname in Paris means a great deal more than it does here. When one is nicknamed there, one carries that name to the grave.

"The notice in Le Journal des Debats mentioned 'La Dame a la Clef' est morte." It did not give her own name. That would have signified nothing. The paper concluded by saying that she

died, aged 45, in complete solitude. It seems that her husband, who was much older than she, had visited her regularly every six months during the past ten years and then had disappeared, no one knew where. All was mysterious about this 'Lady of the Key.' One day came to her the news of her husband's death. She survived him but a short time, and it was whispered that she had allowed herself to die from hunger. That was all the notice of her death had to say about the matter. The mystery still remained unexplained, and the interest concerning her grew less and less and gradually died away altogether.

M. Lebon paused to relight his cigarette, which he had allowed to go out. After doing this, he settled back in his chair, puffed once or twice, but did not seem at all inclined to continue the story.

"Well," I ejaculated, "go on. That is no story. Why, you haven't even said what the mystery was, or why she was called 'La Dame a la Clef.'"

"Ah, yes," he replied pensively, "quite right. I had forgotten. Gentlemen, I have not said that she was beautiful, yet such was the case. Her face was one of the loveliest that I have ever seen, her figure was perfect, and—"

"Well?" interrupted M. Blouet somewhat impatiently.

"Gentlemen, I will not bore you," continued M. Lebon smiling. "Simply imagine her beautiful in face and form; then, gentlemen, around her neck, which was of the purest mold, was riveted a golden chain to which was attached this key. And, gentlemen, from the 1st of June, 1848, to the day of her death the chain never left her neck, nor the key."

He paused again and once more seemed disinclined to go on.

"Well," said M. Blouet, "we have the mystery; now for the solving of it."

"Gentlemen," continued M. Lebon, smiling sagely as he tipped off the ashes of his cigarette. "I have told you all that anybody but myself knows. Is that not enough? You now know what all Paris knew. Are you not satisfied?" and he laughed quietly to himself.

We smoked for a few moments in silence, both M. Blouet and myself surmising that the best way to hear the rest of the story was to leave the narrator completely to himself. In a moment the latter began again, speaking rapidly and in short sentences.

"In 1848 her husband owned a country house near Passy. She was then young and gay. No chain or key adorned her neck then. One day she was surprised by her lord, shutting somebody in the wardrobe. A servant had betrayed her. The Muscovite Othello turned the key twice in the wardrobe, took it out, then told his wife to follow him. A travelling briska stood a few paces from the villa. More dead than alive, the unhappy woman obeyed. When the husband had placed her in the carriage he gave an order in a low voice to the coachman. 'Keep this key,' he said to his wife. 'I have forgotten something and will return,' then went back to the house.

"He returned, according to his promise, but as the carriage descended the hill the poor woman saw James issuing from the windows of the villa. She fainted. Three days she remained unconscious. On regaining her senses she perceived that a gold chain was riveted around her neck, to which was attached a golden key, the exact counterpart of the original, bearing an inscription. She wished to kill herself, but her husband pointed to the inscription and added that if she would save her family from dishonor she must ever observe it. She was therefore condemned to live. Her strange necklace excited much curiosity in Paris. At last her tyrant allowed her to retire to a quiet retreat on the express stipulation that she would not attempt to destroy herself during his lifetime. His death released her from this condition."

Some three weeks later I was calling on my friend Lebon, who wished to show me some old manuscripts that he had been collecting. He produced a large box of rosewood, which he casually remarked contained his family papers. To my astonishment, he drew from his pocket the mysterious key and inserted it in the lock, which yielded readily to his pressure, and the lid flew back.

"Why," I exclaimed in wonder, "that is the key!"

"The key?" he interrogated. Then he laughed long and loud. "And you swallowed all that," he said when he could control his merriment.

"Certainly," I replied grimly. "By the way, though, it wouldn't make a bad story, would it? I think I will work it up—elaborate it a little, you know."

I left the house feeling deeply mortified to think I had been so effectually "sold." A desire for revenge took possession of me, and I determined to steal a march on him. I have done so.—Criterion.

### Don't Scold.

Of all forms of human effort and execution scolding is the most useless. When a parrot, a chipmunk, a squirrel or bluejay scolds he is ludicrous. For people to scold is ludicrous, too, but with a difference, and assuredly the difference is on the unfavorable side. It never did and never will do any one any good. It has done much harm. Besides, scolding grows to be a habit. We have all suffered because of the shortcomings of some one else, receiving tremendous tirades over what we had no hand in, because we happened to be present when the scolding habit was yielded to by one of its victims.

Scolding is easy. It takes neither power of brain nor heart to scold. It does not even make any great draft upon the physical being. Any fishwife alive can be a grand success at scolding. Why compete with her?

Scolding should be compelled to perish from the earth. The tongue, the

Continued on page 4.

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